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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

THIRTY-ONE

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The BOYS™

THIRTY-ONE

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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THIS IS IT?

THIS IS WHERE THEY SAID THEY'D BE.

MAN, THIS IS KILLING ME...

WHO ARE THESE DUDES, AGAIN? LIKE VILLAINS, OR--?

NOT SURE EXACTLY. VOUGHT GUY WAS KIND OF CAGEY WHEN I CALLED.

BUT HE DID SAY HE'LL BE INTERESTED TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

WHY DID SHE HAVE TO GO AND--

THAT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO ANYONE, MAN.

VOUGHT ARE INTERESTED? I MEAN THEY'RE INTERESTED IN US, TODAY?

OH, WE PLAY THIS RIGHT AND WE ARE OUT OF HERE...!

OUT OF NEWARK, ALL RIGHT...

YEAH, IF WE GOT THE PENTHOUSE BACK...

TO BE TEK-KNIGHT AND THE MAVERIKZ AGAIN, CAN YOU IMAGINE?

I MEAN NOT TEK-KNIGHT OBVIOUSLY, BUT SOMEONE AND THE MAVERIKZ. WE DO KIND OF STRUGGLE A LITTLE ON OUR OWN.

YOU THINK ONE OF THE OTHERS IN PAYBACK WOULD WANT THEIR OWN SPIN-OFF TEAM? LIKE MIND-DROID?

OR SOLDIER BOY?

OR STORMFRONT...?

STORMFRONT, THAT GUY IS LIKE NUMBER TWO TO THE HOMELANDER! I MEAN OKAY, SO HE'S GERMAN, BUT--

WHO CARES? IF WE COULD GET HIM--!

HEY.

IS IT THEM?

OKAY, LET'S DO THIS! LET'S DO IT!

KICK SOME ASS, BABY!

BACK IN THE *BIG LEAGUES*...!

LET'S GET IT RIGHT! LINE ABREAST! FLIERS ON THE FLANKS!

ATTACK FORMATION FIVE...*GO!*

ALL RIGHT, CUNTS, YOU FUCKIN' WANT SOME?

YOU FUCKIN' WANT SOME, THEN?!

THE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY

part one

K-K-K-KEEP BACK--

AAAAAIIIIIEEEEEE!!!

STUPID BASTARD--

FUCKIN' STUPID BASTARD-- AAARRRRHHH--!

EASY, HUGHIE.

UH?!

IDEA IS THE SUPES STAY SCARED.

KILL THE MUTHAFUCKAS, HOW THEY S'POSED TO SPREAD THE WORD?

NICE ONE, BOYS.

AS FOR YOU, WANKER: NO MORE DEAD HOOKERS.

OR NEXT TIME IT'LL BE MORE THAN JUST A COUPLA LOVE-TAPS, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

HAVE A WORD WHEN YOU GET THE CHANCE.

YEAH.

NO.
BUT--
NO.
BUT--
NO.
YOU COULD STILL WEAR THE CAPE AND THE HELMET, WE JUST THOUGHT--
WHY LEOPARDSKIN?
WHAT?
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE KING OF THE OCEAN FATHOMS: WHY LEOPARDSKIN?
AH.
WELL, WE...ER...
DOES IT COME WITH A WATERMELON ACCESSORY?
MINE'S JUST KINDA THE SAME, I GUESS.
I LIKE MINE. I ALWAYS FELT A LITTLE FAGGOTY IN THOSE TRUNKS.
ONE THING YOU SHOULDN'T DO IS HARM THE DOG.
DOG...?

HEY, ARE WE ALL GETTING--

NOT NOW.

THE DOG, THE ONE HE TAKES EVERYWHERE WITH HIM. IF YOU WANT TO AVOID PUSHING HIM TOO FAR, YOU SHOULD KEEP IT OUT OF THE FIRING LINE.

I'M SORRY, WHO ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?

BUTCHER...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CONCERN YOURSELF ABOUT THAT.

BUT IS IT UNDER WAY? HAVE YOU OKAYED THE OPERATION?

I DO APPRECIATE THE INFORMATION, THOUGH.

REALLY.

WE'LL LEAVE THE CONSULTANTS WITH YOU FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, JUST TO KEEP THE COSTUME TRANSITION AS SMOOTH AS POSSIBLE.

WHERE'S STARLIGHT, INCIDENTALLY? THEY'RE GOING TO WANT TO SPEAK TO HER.

NO IDEA.

WELL, I'D LIKE YOU TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE PLAYS BALL IN THAT REGARD.

SEE YOU NEXT TIME.

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I AM, ISN'T IT, SOME KIND OF FUCKING FACILITATOR?

WHAT?

I SAID I'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME! SAFE FLIGHT!

FUEL TANK.

...FEH.

D'YOU KNOW WHAT I WISH?

WHAT DO YOU WISH?

THAT WE COULD JUST STAY HERE IN OUR OWN WEE WORLD.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE KIND OF QUIET.

IS EVERYTHING OKAY, AFTER...WHAT YOU WERE SAD ABOUT BEFORE...?

I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN' HERE.

NO?

I DON'T MEAN *HERE,* WI' YOU. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOIN' WI' YOU.

I'M TALKIN' ABOUT MY JOB.

I DON'T REALLY LIKE IT THAT MUCH. I MEAN IT'S INTERESTIN', BUT I CAN'T REALLY WORK OUT WHY I WAS HIRED IN THE FIRST PLACE. AN' THE PEOPLE'RE... WEIRD, TO SAY THE LEAST.

I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S DOIN' ME A LOT O' GOOD, YOU KNOW?

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

AYE, SEE, YOU'RE THE SAME. YOU DON'T WANNA BE MISERABLE ANY MORE'N I DO.

WHO DOES?

HALF THIS BLOODY CITY, I SOMETIMES THINK.

I MEAN I'M IN THE OLD TOWN HAVIN' THE ODD PINT, AN' YOU GET THE AFTER-WORK CROWD COMIN' IN--AN' THERE'S THIS ROUTINE THEY DO, THEY TAKE IT IN TURNS TO GO *OH-MY-GOD--*

THE-WEEK-I'VE-HAD-- I MEAN THEY'RE NO' EVEN LISTENIN' TO EACH OTHER, THEY'RE JUST WAITIN' FOR THEIR TURN TO TALK...!

AN' IT'S ALWAYS REALLY MUNDANE, LIKE THEIR BOSS IS GIVIN' THEM SHITE OR SOMEONE WON'T PHONE THEM BACK, BUT THEY MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THIS *ORDEAL.* I'M THINKIN', AYE, TRY WORKIN' ON A BUILDIN' SITE OR SOMETHIN' AN' THEN TELL ME--

A WHAT NOW?

CONSTRUCTION. TRY WORKIN' CONSTRUCTION.

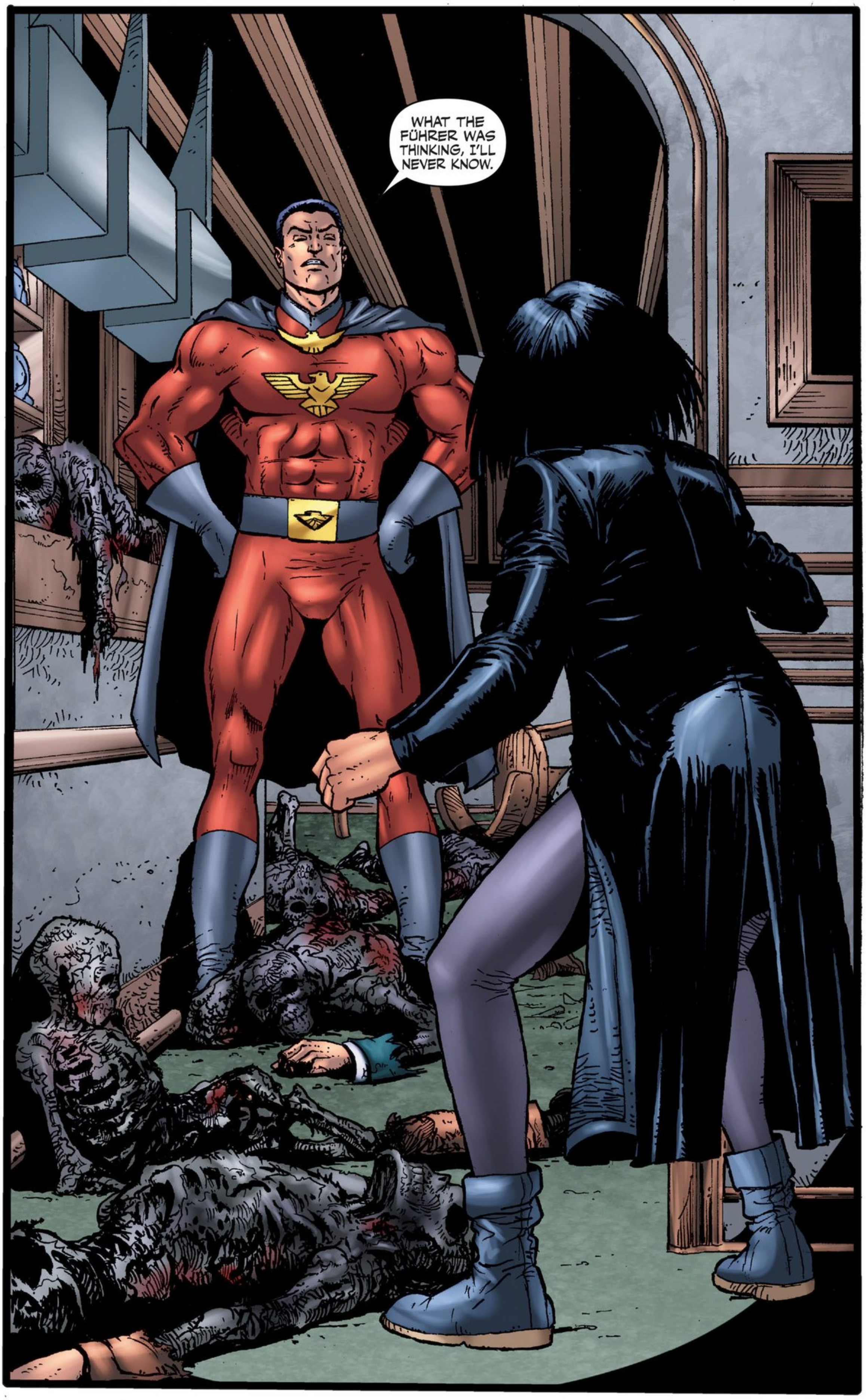
THE POINT IS I DON'T WANT TO TURN INTO ONE O' THEM, ONE O' THESE AWFUL *MOANERS.* ESPECIALLY NO' IN A TOWN LIKE THIS.

YOU DON'T FANCY RUNNIN' AWAY TOGETHER, DO YOU?

DON'T TEMPT ME...

SERIOUSLY.

CLUB MUSSO'S
ITALIANS.


WHAT THE FÜHRER WAS THINKING, I'LL NEVER KNOW.

HNNHH!!

FOTZE!

VERDAMMTE ASIATISCHE FOTZE!!

UNTERMENSCH! HURE!

YOU TOUCH ME WITH YOUR MONGREL YELLOW SKIN?!

NAHH!

NNAAAAAAAAHHH--

AAAAAAHHH--

RRAAAAAAHHH!!!

BITCH! WHORE! DO YOU HEAR ME?!

WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU ALL, YOU WHORE!

WIR WERDEN SIE ALLE TOTEN!!

NICE OF YOU TO JOIN US.

THESE TWO ARE STYLE CONSULTANTS SENT OVER BY VOUGHT.

HELLOOOO...!

THEY'RE HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR UPCOMING CHANGE OF IMAGE. AS WELL AS THE MORE PUBLIC ROLE YOU'RE GOING TO BE PLAYING IN THE SEVEN.

CHANGE OF--?

UM, I, I'M NOT SURE I'D BE ALL THAT COMFORTABLE WITH A MORE PUBLIC ROLE...

TALK TO THEM ABOUT IT.

OH, HONEY, YOU ARE GOING TO *LOVE* THIS--

LOOK AT THAT FIGURE, THIS IS GOING TO BE *SENSATIONAL*--

SO WHAT D'YOU THINK, SWEETIE...?

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

OH, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THEM! WE KNOW YOU'LL MAKE IT WORK, GORGEOUS!

WE KNOW YOU'LL MAKE IT *SING!*

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HEHHNNH

HEEEHHNNNNNHH

...FINDS THIS CUNT IN A CRASHED SPACESHIP, DOESN'T HE? FUCKIN' MAD-LOOKIN', GIANT BONCE SPLIT OPEN, GREEN CLARET ALL OVER THE SHOP...

CUNT SAYS-- ALL RIGHT, MY SON, IT'S CURTAINS FOR ME BUT I NOW APPOINT YOU SOLAR SHERIFF OF GALACTIC SECTOR TERRA-THREE. ALL VERY NICE, GIVES HIM HIS LASER BRACELET AN' BOOM, DROPS DEAD.

SO OFF HE GOES, VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF, AN' TWO DAYS LATER HIS NOB FALLS OFF AN' HE SHITS OUT HIS OWN BRAIN.

CUNT GAVE HIM SPACE-AIDS. OH, HELLO, FRENCHIE.

...WHAT'S THE MATTER, MATE?

FRENCHIE?

next: AND THEN THERE WERE FOUR